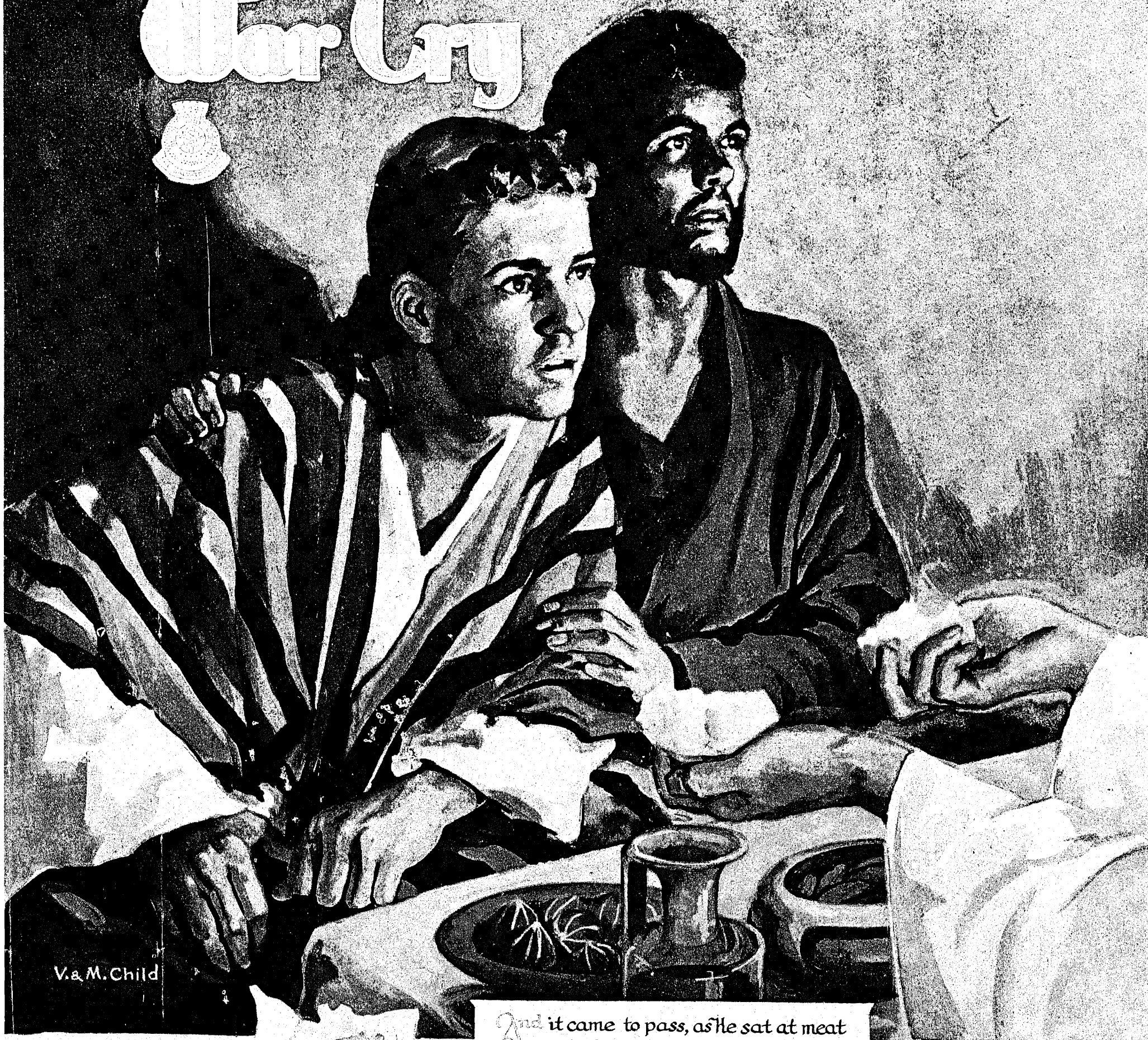
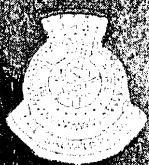


The Easter Grog

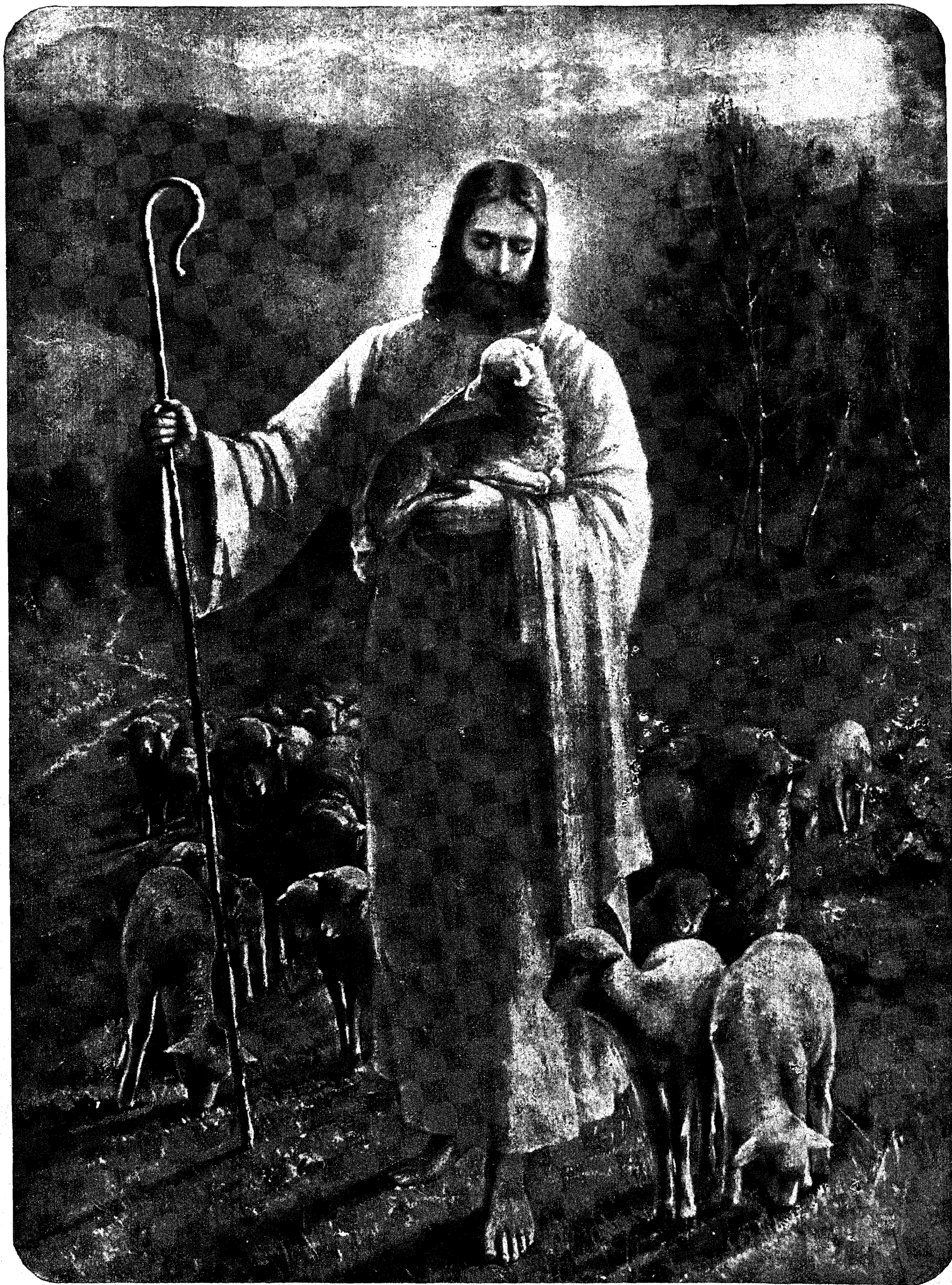


V. & M. Child

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him.

ST. LUKE 24: 30-31

TORONTO, SATURDAY
APRIL 16, 1949



THE SHEPHERD SAVIOUR

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."—Isaiah 40:11.

WEST SIDE OF THE ROCKIES

A Youthful and Almost Discouraged Chorister Strikes a Responsive Chord in an Anxious Heart—and a Family Is Won for Christ

HAD the reader chanced, one quiet Sunday evening, some years ago, to pause under the beautifully illuminated stained-glass windows of a large church, located on the main thoroughfare of a certain thriving town in old Ontario, the volume of sweet music floating forth on the fragrant early spring air would at once have attracted notice. For the congregation was the largest in the town, the organ a magnificent one, and the choir enjoyed the reputation of being the largest for many miles around.

On ascending the broad stone steps and passing up into the spacious and brilliantly lighted interior one would have been further impressed by the splendor of the auditorium, and the general air of well-being and comfort. It might have been surmised, and quite correctly, that the congregation was made up of prosperous folk, and that their interest in the church, so far as external appearances went, at least, was of an eminently practical character.

That interest in the spiritual side of things was not entirely lacking was indicated by the nods, smiles and occasional "Amen's" from a certain, if old-fashioned section of the congregation, in response to the earnest utterances of the pastor, an elderly man, with silver-grey hair and benign countenance.

The sermon concluded, the choir, impressively robed in white surplices, rendered an anthem in honor of the occasion—Easter Day—in the course of which one of their number engaged in a prominent solo part. The soloist was but a lad in his teens, with a frank, boyish countenance, and possessed of a tuneful voice which augured well, musically at any rate, for his future. He had many admirers among the congregation, and some of these thought that the young chorister excelled in his efforts.

"A Green Hill Far Away"

With the closing of the anthem "There is a Green Hill far away," in which Bob took a leading part, came the benediction, and the dismissal of the congregation, following which the choir withdrew. The young man aforementioned, as soon as the choir room was reached, with rather more haste than dignity, discarded his surplice, and hanging it on a peg, made his exit through a side door.

"Hullo, Bob!" a hearty voice with a pleasant Scots burr, hailed the lad, outside the building. "I was pleased to hear your voice, laddie. Ye dinna do sae poorly."

Bob turned with a smile, highly pleased at the compliment. Deacon Carmichael seldom made remarks on the choir's "high falutin'" singing as he was wont to term it, and to be praised by him, one of the pillars of the church, was praise indeed.

"Thanks, Mr. Carmichael," he replied brightly. "The top notes were a trifle weak, you know, but with a little more practice I'll be able to improve on that, no doubt."

The deacon grasped the boy's hand. "But dinna forget," he said earnestly, "that an understanding heart back of your singing will make the people understand. And we can no help the people to the Lord unless our hearts are in tune with His."

Bob smiled, a little uneasily, and darted off to join his friends, but the warm impress of the good old man's hand remained in his own, and his words in his heart.

"Whatever did the old chappie mean by an 'understanding heart?'" he pondered, as he laid his hand on the latch of the little bungalow door of the home where he lived with his parents.

For Bob did not, as yet, know the meaning of personal Salvation.

"**W**ILL you alter your decision, Bob? You know that your father is dead set against it." Bob Falconer's mother was speaking.

"I know Dad is anxious that I should stick to my music and make good that way, but everybody's talking about the West these days. There's no future and no work for a fellow in this small burgh and there's all kinds of adventure awaiting out in the Rockies. Jack Hartley told me only yesterday that his brother Jim wrote from Calgary to say there was all kinds of gold in the mountains." And Bob flung out

his hands as if about to grasp the precious metal.

"Maybe so, but I want to tell you that that same precious metal needs a mighty lot of hard digging, my boy. If you are wise you will listen to your father's advice, and stay home."

Mr. Falconer was a good-natured, hard-working citizen, and not possessing an abundance of education himself, was anxious that his children should get all they could. He was particularly proud of Bob's knowledge of music, and hoped some day to see him a professor of the art. Bob's proposition to go out West was therefore not quite in keeping with his idea of things.

"It's wasting of all your learning," he objected. "What has the good Lord given you talents for if you are going to throw them all away? And what will the choir do without you, to be sure?" Mr. Falconer was proud of his son's accomplishments in the big church of which he himself was a worthy member.

A Fever For Adventure

But Bob was persistent. The fever for adventure raged in his blood and was he not twenty-one now, and able to choose for himself? He bothered and badgered his parents so much that at last they gave tardy consent, and so, with a small stock of savings drawn from the local bank in his purse, and a ticket to Winnipeg in his pocket, he waved an excited farewell to his old home-town.

The old deacon was among those to see the young adventurer off at the station, and as Bob shook hands with the old man he remembered his words about an "understanding heart." "Ah well," he reflected, "I'm through with choir singing for a time, anyway." And settled down to prepare for his long journey of well over a thousand miles.

Bob was delighted with all he saw of Winnipeg, the Gateway to the West. Its wide, straight streets, tall buildings and pleasant green



boulevards appealed vastly to him, and he determined to look for employment there. Being a smart-looking young fellow this was not long in forthcoming, and so, as clerk in a large departmental store, he proceeded to realize his desire to save enough money to see him through to the mystic mountains which still beckoned him on.

Unfortunately, in his haste to acquire wealth, he omitted to attend to his more important needs, and forgot the urgent advice of his old deacon friend, to attend some place of worship, and also his father's appeal to "join the choir."

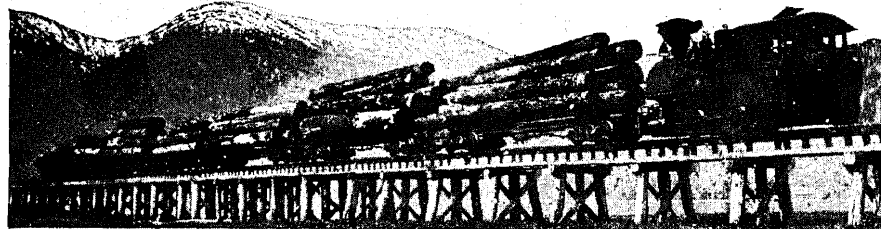
Thus, as with many another transient, and having his Sundays on his hands, he fell in with a "bunch" of Sabbath-desecrating merry-makers; and Bob's voice made him plenty of friends, or more correctly speaking companions.

A Familiar Hymn-tune

Fortunately, his relapse was not for long, for one day his musically-inclined ear caught the sound of men marching, and music playing a familiar hymn-tune—one of the same melodies he was wont to sing in the old home-town choir. It was a Salvation Army band on its way to the Citadel. He decided to follow, with the result that he was converted, and became the recipient of a changed heart. "Ah," he joyfully soliloquized, a few days later, as he sang his testimony at an open-air meeting, "I think I know now something of what old Deacon Carmichael meant when he spoke about an 'understanding heart'."

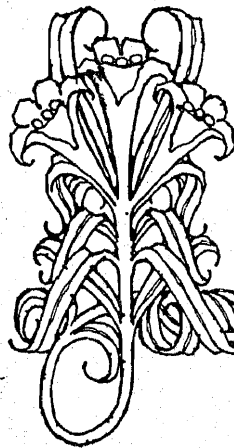
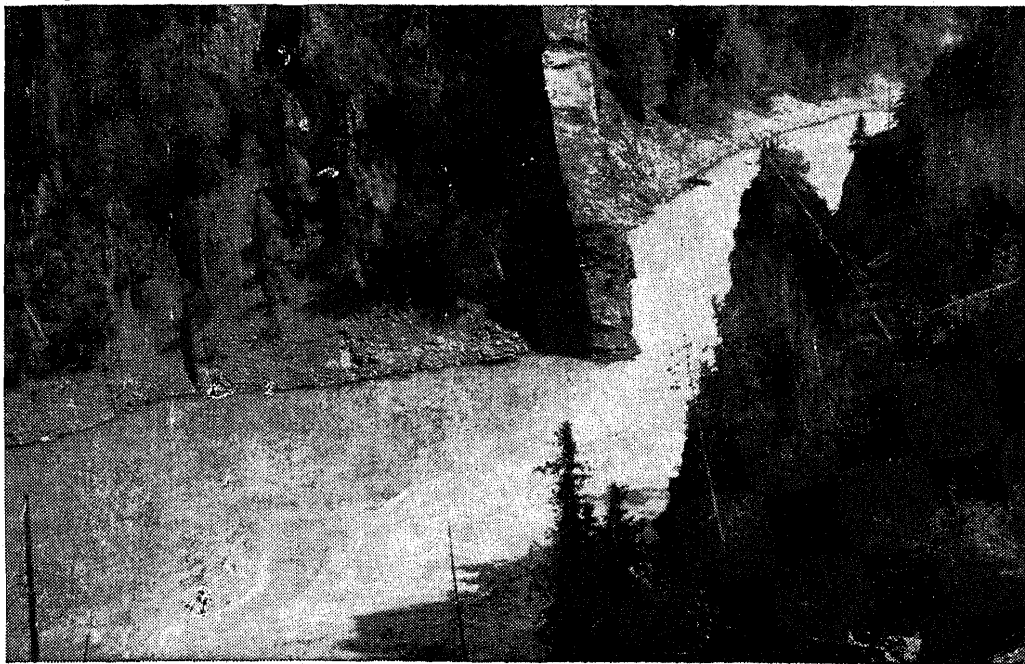
A TRAIN roared its way over tall trestle bridges, through dense forests, over whirling cataracts, now

(Continued on page 14)



UPPER: A logging train laboriously pushes its way over a trestle bridge in Canada's Western mountain region

LEFT: Towering mountains, deep gorges and roaring cataracts form a breath-taking picture in the Rocky Mountains, through which trains daily thread their way





SPRINGTIDE ... AND AUTUMN IN THE ARMY WORLD

Some Phases of Work Among Young and Old



ONE OF MANY Young People attached to Salvation Army young people's corps in the Dominion of Canada



LOWER: A woman in uniform showing a group of young people in a room, possibly a school or community center, where they are learning a craft.

RIGHT: A group of young people in a room, possibly a school or community center, where they are learning a craft.



A quartet of citizens-to-be are taught a useful craft



UPPER: YOUNG PEOPLE OF PARIS, FRANCE, are enthusiastic distributors of "En Avant," the French War Cry

LEFT: A song at sunset makes an excellent nightcap for these veterans of life's battles at an Eventide Home

LOWER: A Young People's Group prepares for a Demonstration featuring national costumes of many lands



EASTER'S SUPREME MESSAGE

The Miracle of Creation and Re-creation

By The Territorial Commander, Commissioner Chas. Baugh

WHAT a memorial to the miracle - working power of Jehovah is Easter! Why should we marvel at the story of the empty tomb and the risen and glorified Lord? Would it not have been occasion for greater marvel after His life, His claims for Himself and His promises to His disciples, if the seals on that tomb had remained intact and His death on the cross had proved to be the end?

As I write, the land is just succumbing to the steady approach of winter. The trees have shed their leaves. They now take on the semblance of death. Had we not positive assurance of the miracle of Spring we should think them dead. The life of the running stream is becoming paralyzed. The land is taking on its winter blanket of snow. The harvest is past. The summer is ended. The long winter lies ahead.

But by the time you, my reader, see these words, what a transformation will again have taken place! The brooks will have broken asunder their icy fetters. The blankets of snow will have been rolled back from the fields until wanted next winter. The cutting, penetrating winds will have become tempered by the increasing power of the sun. The earth will be throbbing and pulsating with new life. Is not the resurrection an annual event? We wonder, but only at the marvel of it, not at its improbability.

Beginning and Ending in God

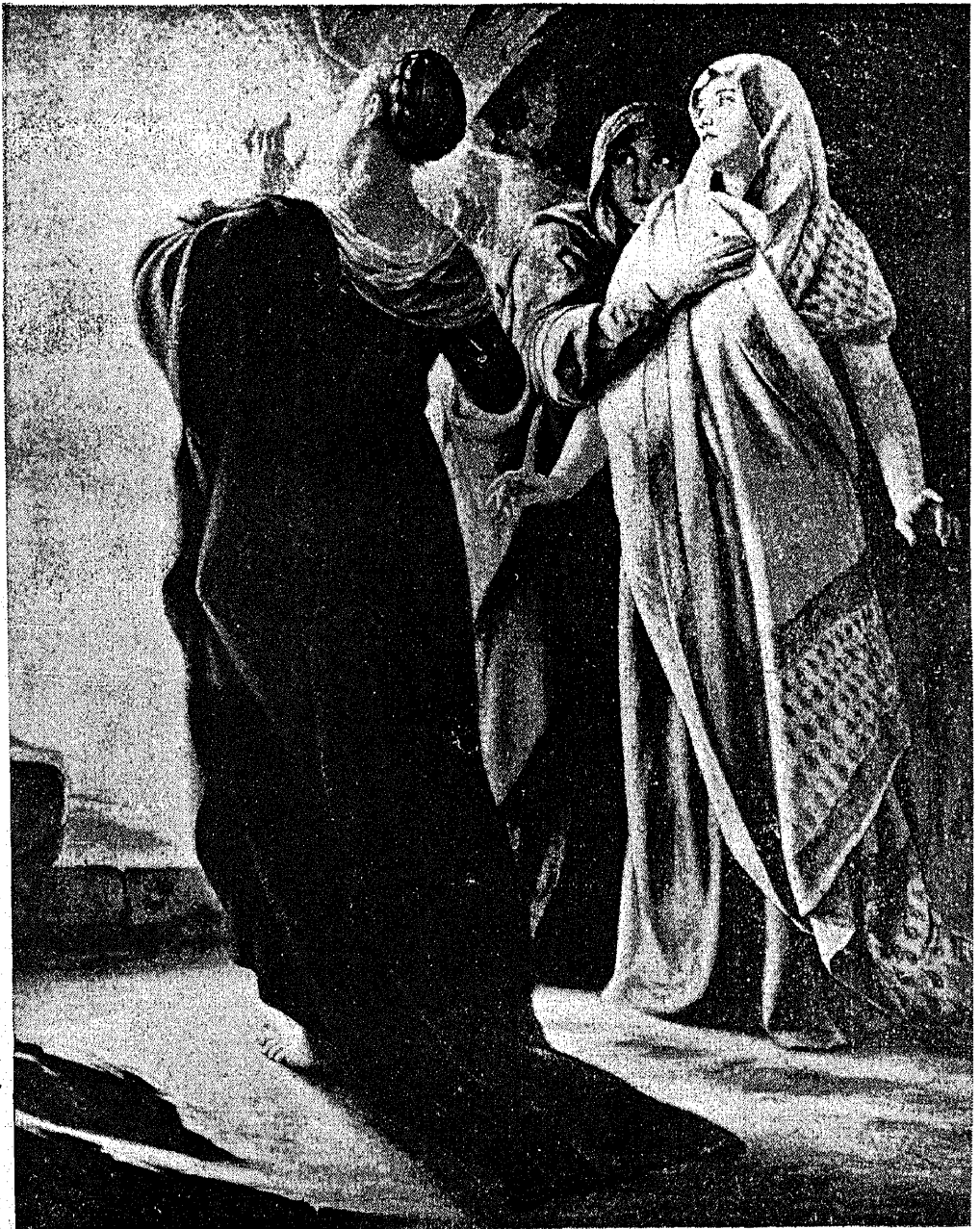
Our Eternal and Everlasting Father has no beginning and will have no end. Our scientists now credit the matter of which our

earth consists as dating back hundreds of millions of years. Our mind refuses to grapple with such figures. But, "Before the day was, I am." The miracle of creation and re-creation is perpetual. Why should we think it is limited to the world of matter? Did not our Lord proclaim, "Behold, I am the Resurrection and the Life"? Then followed that wondrous promise to which countless believing spirits have pinned their faith, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John 11:25). Why need we suppose that God's trees and brooks and fields shall survive the death of winter and renew their life in the spring at the command of the Creator, while the life of ourselves and those we love must succumb to the winter of death? Our God is the God of the living, not of the dead. Life has its

~~~~~  
 "HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN: REMEMBER HOW HE SPAKE UNTO YOU WHEN HE WAS YET IN CALILAE." ~~~~~  
 Luke 24:6.

source and its fulfilment in Him. This is the sublime message of Easter for the Christian.

But what of the sinner? "The wages of sin is death." Even what we now call death, although it be not final and complete, has descended on mankind as part of the penalty of sin, for in its very essence sin savours of death. Until sin is eradicated, there can be no assurance of eternal life. "But the gift of God



The Three Marys at the Tomb

Painting by H. Johann Hoffmann

is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Strange though it may seem, God's greatest creation is the only one that is not completely amenable to His Divine Will. When man was created in the image of God he was endowed with the Divine power to say, "I will." That entailed the power to withhold that will. With these powers there passes the responsibility for choice. That re-

sponsibility rests fairly and squarely on the shoulders of every rational being. There is something a man can not do, however. He cannot will a course of action and at the same time avoid the consequences of the choice of that course. In other words, he cannot evade the law of cause and effect. Sin is the cause of which the effect is death. Even the gift of God is of no avail until received, which entails parting with sin and submitting to the wondrous transaction of grace whereby the sinner may be saved. The judgment of God, "the soul that sinneth, it shall never die," is thus seen to be not an arbitrary judgment of the Great Judge, but the working of that immutable law: Sin and Death; Death and Sin. But

(Continued on page 12)

## Ride On In Majesty!

"Thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation."—Zechariah 9:9.

**R**IDE on! Ride on in majesty! Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry; A Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on! Ride on in majesty! The angel-squadrons of the sky Look down with sad and wondering eyes To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! Ride on in majesty! Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh, The Father on His sapphire throne Expects His own anointed Son.

H. H. Milman.

Acclaimed one day and denounced the next, nevertheless Christ set His face steadfastly toward the Cross—to redeem a world of sinners.

Painting by Plockhorst.







# CHRIST the MIGHTY to SAVE

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." (John 12:32)

**W**HEN Jesus of Nazareth was condemned to death those who accused Him expected to remove from the political picture a Man who, by His presence and teachings, was upsetting the little world round about Jerusalem.

But when His enemies made the mistake of nailing Him to a Cross a new order came into being that was to set the world on fire for God until the end of time. For that Cross on which the Prince of Glory was put to death became the symbol of the world's salvation.

Wherever this Jesus has become known He is worshipped as the King of kings and Lord of lords. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," is true.

To make this Easter story a bit different, I want some of my friends who have been redeemed from the depths of sin to stand with me as proof of this declaration. I think that it is the best kind of preaching to present *living witnesses* to substantiate our simple statements of belief, don't you? It is important, too, that these witnesses be selected from among the number of those who sorely need to repent—those of whom the Lord Himself said, "Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

Not long ago I met a man in a

meeting-place for men of the out-cast type. In conversation I asked if he understood the significance of the blood-red cross that hung above the platform for the motley audience assembled there nightly to look upon.

The man had been drinking, and

## BY HENRY FRED MILANS, O.F.

(The writer of the accompanying article, one of the Army's outstanding Trophies of Grace, was a former editor of a large New York newspaper before becoming a liquor and drug addict. His life was despaired of by the medical profession, but he became miraculously redeemed in a meeting for drunkards and spent the remainder of his days in helping others. He was invested with the Order of the Founder, the Army's highest honor, for his self-sacrificing spirit and successful labors in winning souls).

he replied with a grin, "Sure, I put it up there."

When I pressed him for an explanation, he said, "For a while I didn't drink so much and I saved some money. So, one night I thought that a cross would look nice up there, and I spent the money on it that I hadn't spent for booze."

I was skeptical until others confirmed the story, and then I felt that the Master Himself was dealing with this man, and it was no time for me to move in. Almost

tearfully I told him that his salvation was nearer than he knew. He just grinned.

"Sit out there in the crowd, man," I pleaded, and watch *your cross*. Don't mind what the speaker is saying. Just watch *your cross* up there, and one night you'll see the Saviour hanging on it—in agony for you. I'm sure that the cross you bought with money you didn't spend for liquor is going to mean your own salvation. Watch *your cross*, Bill, until you see Christ dying there for your sins. Then ask Him to come to your help. I'll be praying for you every day, Bill, until He comes."

I have before me, as a greeting on my eighty-second birthday, a letter in which Bill tells me he has found his Saviour at the Penitent-Form over which his cross—paid for with money the saloons didn't get—sheds a warming halo, as of Heaven's joy over his coming.

"And I, if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto Me."

I am familiar with the life story of a notorious burglar who went to New York City after spending thirteen years in a state penitentiary. This man, Jim Clarke, wanted money, of course, and the only way he knew how to get any was to steal it. Walking west on Forty-second Street in search of a hideout for men of his trade, Jim's gaze was arrested by a glowing red cross before the entrance of a Gospel mission.



Something, he told me, drew him into that place, and before he left it again he had given his heart to the Saviour, of whose death the cross at the door was a potent symbol. And, before he died, Jim Clarke turned many of his former pals to Christ.

Jesus knew what His death on Calvary would do for us. He would not have died in vain. Wherever the story of the Cross has gone—in civilization or in jungle wastes—sinners fall before it in adoration of the Son of God who brought redemption for the whosoever.

Jerry McAuley, another notorious New York burglar, who later became one of the most beloved slum evangelists in the history of that city, carried a small crucifix in his coat pocket. It represented the most effective appeal that he could make to bring the worst characters to their knees in repentance, he told me. To know Jerry McAuley and his work for Jesus was to love him. And this New York City did. McAuley had looked at the Crucified One and he became like Him to the people of his famous slum parish.

When he died, McAuley went to Heaven clutching in his hand the cross that led to the transformation of his own and hundreds of other utterly vile and degraded lives.

A year after my own conversion Satan had the stage all set for a fall that would have meant my complete undoing. At the moment when I felt I could resist no longer a great cross atop a nearby church spire burst into view. It was a call to worship, and on my knees before God in that quiet sanctuary I thanked my Saviour for flashing me the signal of His power to save.

That was by far the most cruel attack the devil has ever made upon my soul, and but for that look at the cross of my Crucified Lord, he would have won.

Loonie Leonard, so called because of the peculiarities of his drunken life, chummed with me in New York's slums because I was different from the other bums around us. We who knew Leonard wondered why he so carefully secreted a cross that wasn't worth stealing because it was of pure brass. One day, as we sat in the warm sun on the string-piece of an East River pier, Loonie and I began to sum up what we had lost through our wretched

(Continued on page 14)



## THE PENITENT'S PLEA

I'VE wandered far  
away from God:  
Now I'm coming  
home;

The paths of sin too  
long I've trod:  
Lord, I'm coming  
home.

Coming home, coming  
home,  
Nevermore to roam:  
By Thy grace I will be  
Thine:

Lord, I'm coming  
home.

I've wasted many precious  
years:  
Now I'm coming  
home;

I now repent with bitter  
tears:  
Lord, I'm coming  
home.

I'm tired of sin and  
straying, Lord:  
Now I'm coming  
home;

I'll trust Thy love, be-  
lieve Thy word:  
Lord, I'm coming  
home.

My soul is sick, my  
heart is sore:  
Now I'm coming  
home;

My strength renew, my  
hope restore,  
Lord, I'm coming  
home.

W. Kirkpatrick

(Illustration from "Der  
Kriegsruf" (The Swiss  
War Cry)



# The FISHERS of GALILEE

"I Go A-fishing," said Simon Peter (John 21:3)

If one should ask, to-day, of many of the direct descendants of those fisher-folk of Galilee, whose life is so graphically depicted in the New Testament, "What doest thou?" the answer could, in most cases, be only one—the historic phrase employed by Peter, "I go a-fishing!" For the families living upon the shores of that lake earn their livelihood by casting nets into the limpid depths, since the industry is, for the most part, a family tradition passed down from generation to generation.

One might not anticipate this additional fact, but it is remarkably true that even their methods of working are still largely unchanged. Why, they still follow the example found in John 21, and their movements are often directed by a fisherman shouting orders from the shore to those in the boat. They do most of their fishing at night, too, drawing in their nets at dawn.

For nearly two thousand years the Lake of Galilee has provided a living for these people. And in this ancient land, the site of the greatest drama of history, the Biblical setting remains grandly picturesque, while these lakeside dwellers are wondrously unaffected by the strifes of modern nations.

Apart from its Biblical relationship, this famous inland Sea of Galilee, which is usually called to-day, the Lake of Tiberias, has an interest all its own. It is about fourteen miles long, and eight miles wide, narrowing to the south in egg-like formation. It is traversed by the turbulent River Jordan which drops 690 feet into the lake.

Both the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea are what is known as "rift lakes," formed from the great Jordan-Arabia depression, and it is said that eleven cities lie buried beneath these romantic waters.

Right up to the tenth century,

hundreds of ships and vessels of all descriptions plied the lake, but to-day the craft of the Guild of Fishermen, who cast their nets in Galilee Lake, are the only remains of that vast traffic.

Through the centuries these lake-folk have developed their awareness of the ways of fish, and they have done this to such an extraordinary degree that, before paying out the nets, they are able, even on the darkest nights, to locate a shoal by the sound of the fish opening and shutting their mouths at the surface.

The fishers of the Lake of Tiberias are a class by themselves, fine, stalwart men, but unlike the practice in the days of Mary's Son, the women take their share of the labor by doing the entire work of the making of the nets and keeping them repaired.

The waters simply swarm with

fish. The hot springs beneath the lake, and the masses of vegetable debris brought in from the Jordan, attract such quantities from the beginning of January to the end of April that colonies of fishers camp in reed huts, with their nets spread to dry, as far as the eye can see along the shore.

It is supposed that this fishing-ground is the original site of the Biblical village of Beth-Saida, "place of fishing," and must have been the centre of the fishing industry for the whole district.

The principal form of fishing is use of the net known as the m'batten, the little circular nets which have small bars of lead attached around the margin. The seine net also is used to a great extent.

If you could come upon a fishing scene on this Lake, you would find yourself right back in Biblical days again, watching the quaint little



Take up thy cross and follow Me,  
I hear the blessed Saviour call,  
How can I make a lesser sacrifice,  
When Jesus gave His all.

Follow thou Me, He calls again,  
And I will make you fishers of men;  
As in the days by Galilee,  
Jesus is calling you and me.

of Mark. In the thirty-eighth verse of the fourth chapter you will find that it was in just such a manner as this that Christ slept, His calm untroubled by the storm which raged on the Sea of Galilee.

And, just as in those far-off Biblical days, when, we are told dreadful storms came down upon the Lake, so, in these modern days, the fishermen rarely cross the waters at midday for fear of the sudden and frequent hurricanes, which may whip one half of the Lake into menacing fury and leave the other half in peaceful quietness.

So, as in the days recorded in the New Testament, the fishing, for the most part takes place at night to avoid the storms. The boats light their path by flares of oilrags, burning in iron cages in the bow, and the fishers bang old metal pans together and make as much din as they can to drive the fish toward the nets.

By using two boats with the m'batten, the shoals of wily musht can be surrounded, and the nets are often dragged in a solid mass of fish.



THE SEA OF GALILEE SHOWING TREES ON THE SHORE

## "SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS"

"FISHERS OF MEN," young men and women who have heard the call of Christ and like Him have compassion upon the multitude, are needed to-day as never before. The accompanying picture is a view of the front of the William Booth Memorial Training College, Toronto, in which institution, year, after year, consecrated young people are prepared for their life's work of becoming "servants of all," winners of souls and stretching out a helping hand to their less fortunate fellow-creatures. Application may be made by young men and women for training in the next session, commencing next September, to the Candidates' Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, or to the nearest Divisional Commander.

boats being pushed out at sundown, manned by four or five dark-skinned and bearded Arabs, in their picturesque and often-tattered clothing. The boats are pointed at the stern as well as the bow, and have but a single sail, and, to judge by their decrepit appearance, they may well be the original craft of the ancient days. A tiny space of deck at the stern end is closed in on three sides and left open at the end facing the bows. This enclosure serves as a sort of cabin, where the weary fisherman, who happens to be off watch, may lie with his neck resting on the tiny, hard-stuffed yellow roll, about a foot long and four inches in diameter, which serves as a pillow.

Take a look again at the story

## WALKING WITH GOD

"And Enoch walked with God."—Genesis 5:24.

HOW beautiful to walk with God  
And feel His presence near!  
So calm and peaceful is my lot—  
So free from doubt and fear!

God, as a loving Father is;  
He knows the way I take,  
And as I place my hand in His,  
I know He'll not forsake.

He helps me bear my load of care,  
And makes my burdens light.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness . . . the redeemed shall walk there;

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isaiah 35:8, 9, 19) ALBERT E. ELLIOTT.

When sorrow comes, I know He's there,  
And it will be all right.

Just as I walk close by His side,  
The way grows bright and clear,  
Until beyond the shades of night,  
The gates of Heaven appear.

'Tis beautiful to walk with God,  
And feel His presence near!  
Such peace I never knew before,  
Nor love so real and dear!







*"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."*

Psalm 72:8.

The Maple Leaf our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf forever;  
God save our King, and  
Heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever.

Alexander Muir.

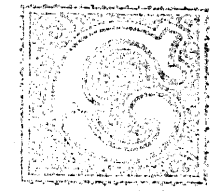
**P**RINCE EDWARD ISLAND is Canada's smallest province—only 120 miles in length and with an average width of some twenty-one miles. This sea-girt land is blessed with an ideal climate, beaches of fine sand, deepsea fishing, and good motor roads through beautiful rolling lowlands.

Nova Scotia is the eastern gateway to Canada, with Halifax the principal port of entry for transatlantic liners. It is a peninsular province almost entirely surrounded by sea. There are apple orchards, lakes and streams dotting the interior, picturesque fishing villages, and forests alive with game.

Across the Bay of Fundy with its tidal wave rise the blue shores of

New Brunswick. One of the natural wonders of the world is the reversing fall at Saint John. There are marks of the early settlement in ivy-covered forts, the old walls and the covered bridges.

A visit to the Province of Quebec is not complete without a tour of the Gaspé Peninsula with its historic and quaint fishing villages. Standing proudly on its great rock overlooking the St. Lawrence is the city of Quebec. Below the city are the fa-



## Canada's Provinces

Some Information Concerning Them in Nutshell Form

mous falls of Montmorency. Neat little white-washed villages hug the waterway and giant pulp and paper mills have built their huge pyramids of logs waiting to be ground into pulp so that the world may have its books and newspapers.

La Belle Province is a mixture of the quaint and modern. The vast hinterland that spreads northward from the St. Lawrence is an area rich in forest, fur and mineral wealth, one of the last great undeveloped areas of North America and with tremendous possibilities.

In the Heart of Canada

From the shore of the Ottawa river to the edge of the prairies, Ontario stretches for some 1,200 miles reaching from the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the shore of Hudson Bay—a vast nation in the heart of Canada—with busy cities, great rivers and lakes, bustling frontier mining towns and wide areas of primeval forest. It features the awe-inspiring grandeur of Niagara, the beauty and majesty of the Capital

Winnipeg, its capital, is a great modern city, the grain centre of Canada. Old Hudson Bay Trading Posts still dot the hinterland and cater to the Indian and trappers.

Saskatchewan is a province of rolling prairies and busy, clean, new cities. In the Prairies and northward into the far reaches of the Arctic Circle, the famous redcoat—the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—maintain law and order. Saskatchewan is the bread-basket of the Empire and famous for its fields of golden hard wheat. Prince Albert is the gateway to one of Canada's famous National Parks, replete with game and fish and scenic marvels.

Alberta has become known as the gateway to the storied north. Beyond Edmonton the Alaska Highway begins, a road that excites the curiosity of the adventurous to see the new lands and magnificent vista of the last frontier. Extending from the southern boundary to 100 miles north of Calgary lies the prairie zone, a great ranching country famous for its cattle and sheep. Calgary, situated in the Foothills is close to the Turner Valley oil fields. Alberta presents in the Rockies a never-to-be-forgotten panorama of lofty snow-capped mountains, sheer precipices, turbulent mountain streams and waterfalls, crystal lakes, delightful valleys, natural hot springs, dude ranches and a thousand and one tourist attractions.

In British Columbia nature has painted a landscape to delight the beholder with its awe-inspiring beauty. It is a land of mountain fastnesses, dotted with glacier-fed lakes, tumbling mountain brooks, lofty waterfalls, stately pines grasping the mountain sides. Here is the romance and the color of the Cariboo Trail, Kicking Horse Pass and dozens of scenic highways. Nature has been kind to British Columbia and blessed its coastal regions with a mild and gentle climate.

Vancouver is Canada's gateway to the Pacific. Northward along the coast of British Columbia is the famous Inside Passage to the Yukon and Alaska; a voyage of magnificent scenery in calm waters sheltered by thousands of spruce-covered islands.

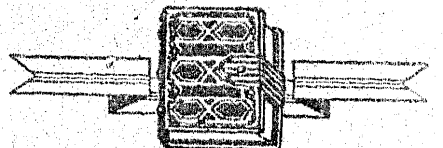
Newfoundland, at the time of writing, had agreed to join confederation and become Canada's tenth Province, a proposition which doubtlessly will prove to be of mutual benefit. This wave-washed island is inhabited by a sturdy race of people of British stock, and their



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, a native of Genoa, sailed in a tiny ship, the "Santa Maria," to the New World in 1492. This bust of the navigator was carved from white marble by Horatio Rubens.

City, Ottawa, the lovely Thousand Islands, ancient Kingston, and Toronto with its busy commercial district.

Manitoba introduces the traveller to the prairies, but it is a province of great contrasts richly endowed with lakes and rivers and stretching to the shores of Hudson Bay, where in 1612 the first white man set foot.



courage in facing hardships and danger, especially the fisher-folk, is second to none. The island, now the Dominion's eastern gateway, has a rugged shoreline, many isolated outposts, and a famous airport at Gander. Besides its fishing industry Newfoundland has unequalled pulp-mills, and the capital city is known as St. John's, where the Army's Divisional Headquarters is situated.

It is of more than passing interest to state that Newfoundland's motto is a Bible text: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added," which gives some indication of the deeply religious instincts of its people.

(Continued on page 12)

## The WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda, William Booth, Founder, Albert W. T. Orsborn, General, Chas. Baugh, Territorial Commander, International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 1.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda by The Salvation Army, Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, Canada. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor. Enquiries regarding shipments and subscription should be addressed to the Printing Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed each week for one year to any address in Canada for \$3.00 prepaid, and in the United States for \$3.50 prepaid. No. 3360. Price 10c.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1949

### WHAT HAST THOU GIVEN FOR ME?

**I** GAVE My life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st be ransomed  
be,

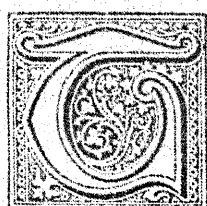
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave My life for thee,  
What hast thou giv'n for Me?





# ROBE A REED A CROWN

A Meditation by The Army's International Leader  
GENERAL ALBERT W. T. ORSBORN



THE picture appears in St. Matthew's Gospel. In the light of God its striking significance is seen as a phase in the fulfilment of prophecy: "despised and rejected of men." Surely in the passion and death of Jesus Christ nothing is unimportant, every detail is of the very spirit and substance of truth. No artist working out his most elaborate drama could have produced a picture so flawless, a fulfilment so complete. Evil men and good were alike constrained to take their predicted parts in the world's greatest spiritual crisis, entirely without their own choice or understanding, servants of prophecy, instruments of the wrath of man strangely working

fouled their own worst records with a process of savage mockery. I remember that many years ago, when first this scene became vivid and alive to my mind, I almost cried aloud in a

"A CROWN IN VERY SURETY,  
BUT OF THORNS!"

sharing of the Saviour's agony, "Oh, Jesus, why do You stand there unresisting and silent? Smite! For Thy glory, smite the smiters!" I did not then understand the true Kingship of the Master. Do I now?

There are many ways by which men have tried to be rid of Christ. His enemies once exploited physical violence, trying to push Him over a precipice. Satan tried by flattery and guile, during the wilderness temptation. The Pharisees tried by slander, innuendo and all manner of malignant speech. Betrayal, denial, false accusation were all called in to reject and dismiss Jesus. But in the common room of the Roman soldiery mockery, ribaldry and taunting were the methods employed; they would get rid of Jesus by making Him appear ridiculous—a laughing-stock. All unconsciously they accorded in jest three tributes which He owns by right: the robe of glory, the sceptre of authority, the crown of dominion.

To His enemies, Christ then appeared as one more whipped Jew. With innate vulgarity His persecutors, thinking to cast Him down, delighted to trample upon Him. The Romans tried to deck out, in their own manner, a victory they had not yet won.

Look, and learn; yea, let your heart rejoice in the unintentional tributes His enemies paid to our Lord!

They gave Him what they hoped would be a garment of mockery: but its color blended the blue sky for Divinity with the red blood of humanity. He transfigured whatever garment was put upon Him. He needed no borrowed glory. Nor could artificial, theatrical dressing-up conceal or destroy His loveliness.

## He Wore Our Sorrows As a Crown

Not of gold, typical of wealth; nor of iron, speaking of force; nor of laurel, speaking of triumph, was the crown He wore. It was of thorns, a crown exclusive, uncoveted, for Him alone. It was symbolical of our curse: He wore our sorrows as a crown. It was intended as the



greatest of jests. Actually, it was, and is, the sign of Christ, King of a wounded world, with a distinction none has ever wished to share, nor, indeed, could ever approach. Jesus, the King; the world's supreme authority on sorrow, wearing a crown that none will ever take from Him until it is at last exchanged for the crown of His final triumph.

When a laughing enemy thrust into Christ's unresisting hand the flimsy reed, so ridiculous a sceptre, it was intended to be derisive. It was neither seized nor refused; the buffoonery was neutralized by One to whom real power belonged, and to whom it would ultimately return by way of the cross. Others have ruled with a sceptre of gold or with rods of iron: Christ would rule with rods of meekness. Did any one that day discern in the Man of Sorrows the world's supreme Law-giver and final Judge?

His enemies utterly failed to dismiss Him by making Him look ridiculous. Neither here nor at Calvary was His glory dimmed, nor for one moment was His majesty obscured. His love was unconquerable, its unresisting courage, transforming the Cross, so that it became the most impressive spiritual fact in human history.

In their blind, insensate fury, His enemies tried but failed to send Him to the cross as a broken pretender, wrapped in a shroud of mockery. But, arising from the thought of His enemies' failure, I find myself asking, "Have

## A QUESTION TO PONDER:

"What shall I do then  
with Jesus which is  
called Christ?" Matt. 27:22.



"Himself He cannot save"

"the intermediate death." Our Lord was bound to the pillar and scourged with leathern thongs, out the eternal purposes of God. Thus it is that the picture flashes upon our sight; a robe, a reed and a crown of thorns.

Pilate had delivered Jesus to be scourged. This terrible experience was sometimes called pointed with nails. After this, the soldiers be-

# The Crucified Christ

WE worship Thee, O Crucified;  
What glories Thou didst lay  
aside!  
What depths of human grief and sin  
Didst Thou consent to languish in!  
That through Atoning Blood out-  
poured,  
Our broken peace should be re-  
stored.

We mourn that e'er our hearts  
should be  
One with a world that loves not  
Thee;  
That with the crowd we passed  
Thee by  
And saw, but did not feel Thee  
die;  
Not till we knew our guilt and  
shame

Did we esteem our Saviour's name.  
Though with our sin we shunned  
the light,  
Thou didst not leave us in the  
night  
We were not left to blindly stray  
Unsought, unloved, from Thee  
away;  
Out from Thy Cross irradiates  
The power that saves, and re-  
creates.

O Loved, above all earthly love!  
To Thee our hearts adoring move,  
Thy boundless mercies yearn to  
save,  
And in Thy Blood sin's wound to  
lave.  
O speed the day, when men shall  
see  
That human hopes are all in Thee!

May be sung to  
the hymn tune  
"Sprehr"



His friends ever dressed Him in false colors, or portrayed Him in a misleading light? It is possible to appear religious while being far from Christlike. This is sometimes done by not taking Christ seriously; by crying, "Lord! Lord!" but not doing as He said. Sometimes men have been more successful than the Roman soldiers by robing Jesus in the garments of narrow creed or exclusive dogma. All unintentionally, thinking to worship Him, they have set Him forth in the legalistic and formal uniform of their own small ideas. They have been more successful than His enemies in presenting a false picture of Jesus!

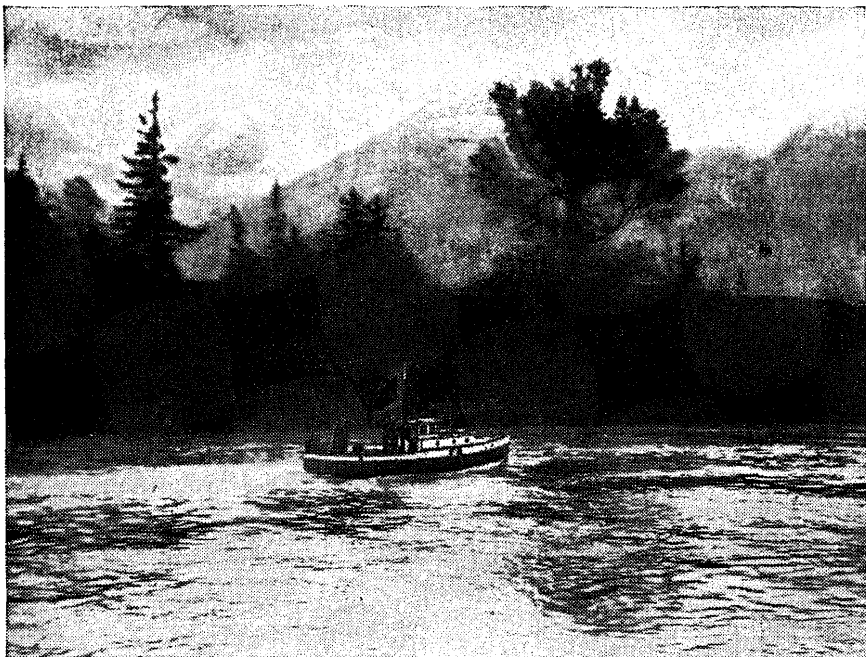
We cannot treat Him thus! He is greater than all the trappings with which we are wont to bedeck our transient authority. Belonging to all, but the property of none, He is King of kings in His own eternal right. His humanity is too wide to be imprisoned in our narrowness. His deity can never suffer at our hands. As the days of His passion are again remembered, let every one of us again make this dedication:

Blessed Lord, to see Thee truly,  
Then to tell as I have seen!  
This shall rule my life supremely,  
This shall give my sacred gleam.





From the earliest days the Native Indians were expert salmon spear-men



Owned and operated by a Native Indian Salvationist, this motor-boat, with the Army's tri-colored flag flying at top-mast, gallantly battles the swift-running Nass River to Canyon City, almost entirely isolated by towering mountains

A North Pacific Coast Native Indian Brave. West Coast Natives live in lodges, not tepees, and do not wear the familiar head-dress of the Natives of the interior



paid his first visit to the village, he was welcomed by a group of ten native Indian Salvation Army soldiers led by Envoy (later Fld.-Captain) W. Moore and later he selected the location for the Army Hall in the centre of the settlement. As a testimony to their desire to break with the old traditions and customs, the new Army soldiers gladly gave their historic totem poles to be used in the foundation of the Army Hall. A new name was chosen for their village—"Canyon City."

Although the village consisted only of about a hundred inhabitants, money and materials were collected to erect the hall. As a memorial to the efforts and influence of the early native Christians a stained-glass window based on Holman Hunt's famous painting, "The Light of the World" was placed in the east wall. Through the years this beautiful window has brought its own message of inspira-

## GITWINIKSHILK

### How "Canyon City" Came By Its Picturesque Name

**G**ITWINIKSHILK, or "Canyon City," situated in the Nass River in northern British Columbia, was the home of the first native convert to Christianity of the Nishka tribe.

When Takomash, a young lad of the village, heard that the missionaries had opened a school at Kincolith near the mouth of the river, he ran away from home determined to learn about the "Book" which the Rev. A. Doolan and his successor the Rev. Dr. R. Tomlinson had brought with them.

After attending the school for some time young Takomash accepted Christ and received the name of Samuel. Although his parents had disowned him when he became a Christian, the young lad returned to his village to tell of the good news of salvation and instruct his own people about the truths of the Bible, which he learned to love and read.

\*Sixty years ago the Army flag was first unfurled in northern British Columbia by a group of Native Salvationists who had been converted to Christianity in Salvation Army meetings in Vancouver.

In the face of much bitter opposition Samuel remained faithful, and during his brief life his testimony won many of his people for Christ. A small stone was erected in his memory, on which was inscribed the words, "Samuel Takomash, the First Convert to Christianity from the Tribes of the Nass River." Near this memorial, sixty years later, in 1928, the first place of worship was opened when the Divisional Commander in Northern British Columbia, Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) W. Carruthers, dedicated the first Salvation Army hall in the district.

The isolated village, "Canyon City," has suffered many disasters. Over two hundred years ago the ancient village at the foot of the mountains was destroyed by a volcanic eruption. The natives still show a pillar of lava which enclosed the only one to lose her life in the destruction of the village. Indian tradition explained the destruction by the anger of Nak-nok of the mountains who was displeased by the cruelty shown to the salmon by some young lads.

As the eruption had altered the course of the river the new location

chosen was on the west bank of the canyon facing the extensive lava beds across the river. Soon the village was rebuilt and all rejoiced in the abundant resources of the new location in fish and furs. While the majority of the inhabitants were at the mouth of the river engaged in fishing, a fire completely destroyed the village in 1895. The village was rebuilt on lower ground, but within a few years was destroyed by a flood. Gitwinikshilk was rebuilt on the higher ground. This time the first church building was erected, but before it could be completed a strong wind levelled the building to the ground.

#### Evangelized His Own People

One of the Native tribesmen, William Moore, who had found Christ in a Salvation Army meeting held in one of the coast salmon canneries, started holding meetings in his home. In a short time converts were made and an appeal was sent to The Salvation Army headquarters for a Salvationist teacher to be sent, and recognition be granted to the new activity as a corps.

When the Divisional Commander

tion to the crowds who have gathered in the building.

Less than one hundred years have elapsed since the early missionaries with a love and devotion which triumphed over every conceivable hindrance and difficulty, brought the message of Christ's redeeming love to the tribes of the Nass. To-day in every Native village along the river there is a church or Salvation Army hall where the message of salvation is heard gladly by the Indian people.

Brian Lea.

#### THE BIBLE'S INFLUENCE

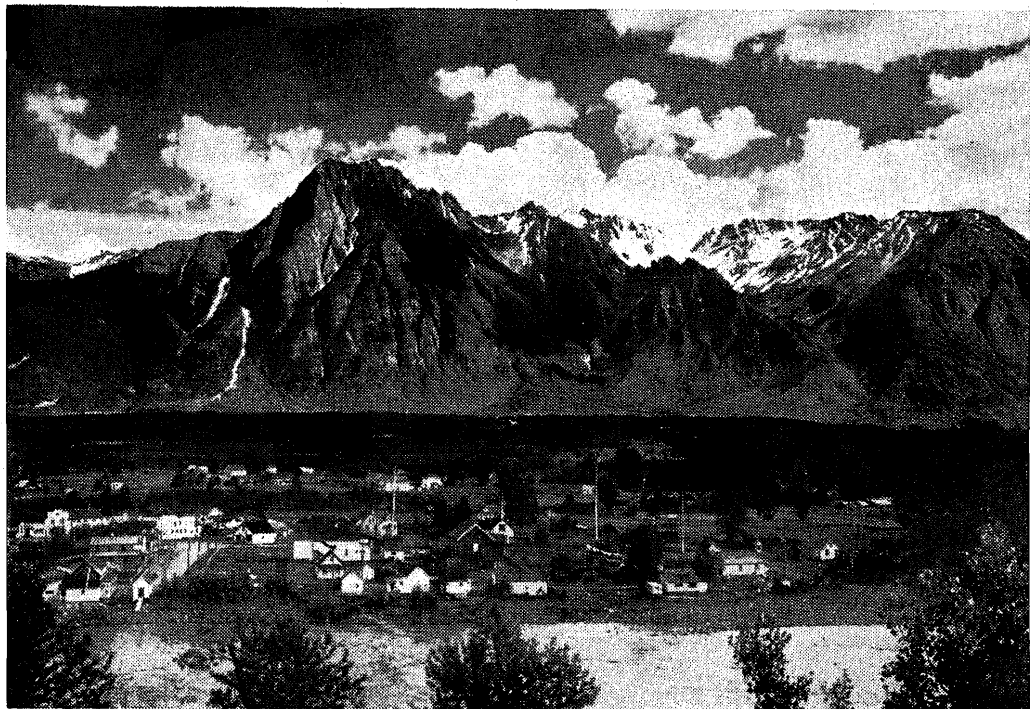
**O**NE could employ many a profitable period in tracing the influence of the Bible throughout the succeeding centuries upon the English language. Time and space permit here only of a few examples taken from widely different sources. The extent to which the very words of the Bible have been merged in the common speech of the people is truly remarkable.

Take for instance such phrases as: a labor of love—clear as crystal—highways and hedges—hip and thigh—lick the dust—the shadow of death—a broken reed—a thorn in the flesh—the eleventh hour—the root of all evil—to cast pearls before swine—the sweat of one's brow—a law unto themselves—the fat of the land—a word in season—a soft answer—moth and rust—weighed in the balance and found wanting—sold their birthright for a mess of pottage—angels' visits—work out your own salvation.

#### THE HEART'S ANSWER

"What is the real good?"  
I asked in musing mood,  
"Order," said the law court;  
"Knowledge," said the school;  
"Truth," said the wise man;  
"Pleasure," said the fool;  
"Love," said the maiden;  
"Beauty," said the page;  
"Freedom," said the dreamer;  
"Home," said the sage;  
"Fame," said the soldier;  
"Equity," said the seer.  
Spake my heart full sadly  
"The answer is not here."  
Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard:  
"Each heart holds the secret,  
Kindness is the word."

J.B.O.



A MOUNTAIN WITH A LEGEND

Nestling in the shelter of a high and rugged mountain range, Hazelton, another northern British Columbia town in which the Army is working, is shown. Glen Vowell, a Salvation Army village, is higher up the Skeena River. Prominent in the background is Rocher de Brule Mountain, known to the Native Indians as Stekyawden, or "The Painted Goat," a legend concerning which has for its moral, kindness to dumb animals. Goat Mountain is seen from the window of The Salvation Army Day School





Golden-tinted "Pussy Willows" wave a cheery greeting in early morning sunshine



Fruit trees ablaze with pink and white blossoms offer a promise of heavily-laden boughs at harvest time



# SPRING-TIDE IN CANADA



"He hath made every thing beautiful in His time." (Ecclesiastes 3:11)

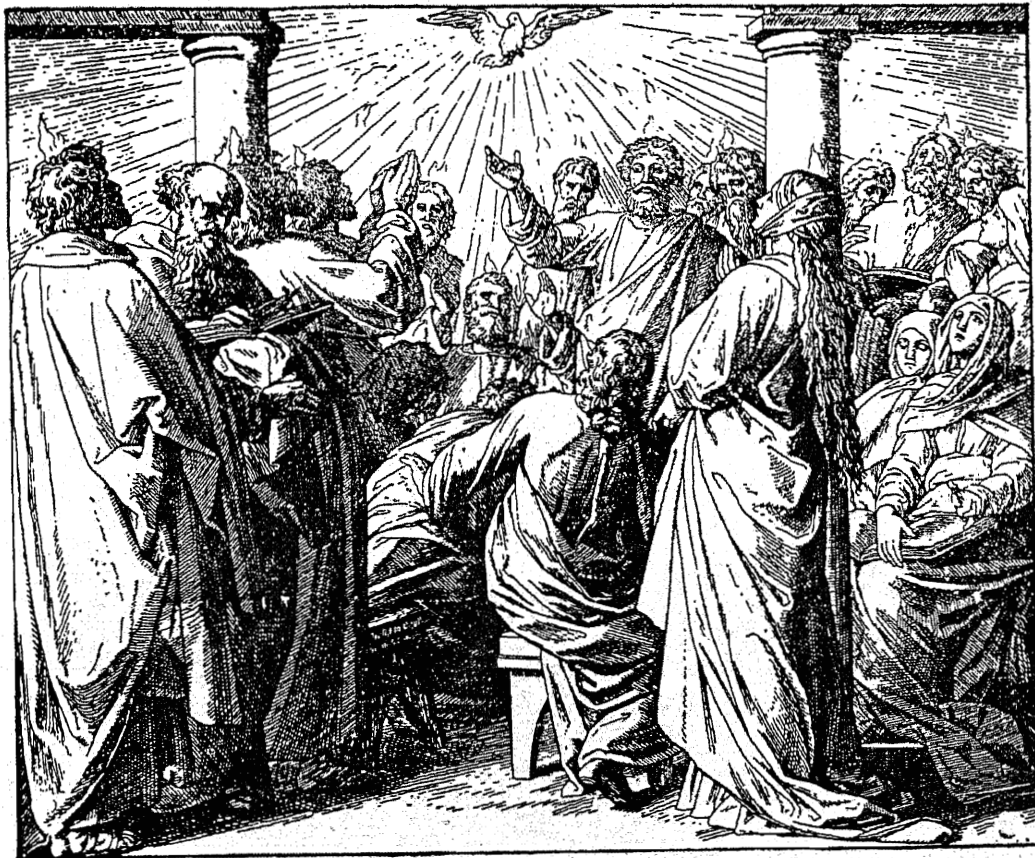
Welcome Harbingers of Early Summer Days, Bring Hope, Expectation and Joy to the Hearts of Countless Dwellers in the Land of the Maple



Bulrushes at the lake's edge complacently nod their dark-brown heads in the breeze. RIGHT: A "close-up" of fragrant Spring blossoms, to be seen along most Canadian highways







THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT: "Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they (the disciples) were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost" (ACTS OF THE APOSTLES 2:2-4)—Illustration is from *Cri de Guerre* (French-language War Cry) published in Berne, Switzerland.

**I**F I were asked what was the great need of the Christian world to-day, I should say without hesitation a mighty baptism of Heavenly Fire! Has the Pentecostal Fire been kindled in your soul, my comrade? If so, do you watch carefully so as to keep it burning brightly? It will be acknowledged that to keep that fire burning is more

difficult than to get it kindled.

To keep the fire burning you must feed it well, and with the right kind of fuel. No matter how big a blaze you have in your stove, you know that unless you keep adding wood or coal it will gradually die out. And so with this spiritual fire. It must be fed.

Earnest prayer will feed the fire. Pour out your souls to God in public and private.

Compassionate sympathies with perishing men and women

### CANADA'S PROVINCES

(Continued from page 8)

**T**HE origin of names is always of interest, whether they belong to persons, places, houses or streets. For example, how many people who work even in the close vicinity of the City Hall, Toronto, are aware that James and Albert streets were named for the sons of an early-day Toronto citizen who had to do with the laying out of the thoroughfares?

The name Simcoe abounds in York (in which Toronto, once "Muddy York," is situated) and Simcoe counties, and stands for the famous governor of that name. The county is the largest in the Province of Ontario, extending from

will feed the fire. I do not know anything that better helps to keep up the holy flame than pitying tears shed over perishing souls. Oh, my comrade, tears of compassion will feed the fire.

Self-denying toil in the cause of our dear Crucified Lord, and for the gathering in of those for whom He died, helps to feed the holy flame.

In the early days of Christianity the blood of the martyrs made such a mighty blaze that it burned up all opposition, and spread the fame of the Saviour's Name.

Suffering for Christ's sake feeds the fire. You may not be

Schomberg on the south to Severn Bridge on the north, a distance of about seventy miles; and from Collingwood on the west to Orillia on the east, a distance of forty miles. It is made up of seventeen townships with picturesque names, as follows (beginning at the north): Tiny, Tay Matchedash, Flos, Medonte, North Orillia, Nottawasaga, Sunnidale, Vespray, Oro, South Orillia, Tossorontio, Essa, Innisfil, Adnala, Tecumseh, West Gwillimbury, Bradford, Holland Landing, Lefroy, and other places.

How some of these got their names is indeed interesting. Tiny, Tay and Flos (s), were called after Lady Simcoe's three pet dogs. Matchedash (matchedache, French) means "swampy lands" as any one who has driven through that township will understand. Orillia is from a French word meaning "landing place," for it was at the shores of Lake Couchiching where Orillia is now situated that Champlain landed in his 1615 to 1620 expedition of exploration. One of Canada's finest monuments ("The Champlain Monument") now marks the spot.

Nottawasaga is an Indian word meaning "this way and that" or "winding." Sunnidale suggests its own origin. Vespra is from the Latin for "sunset," easily understood as those early settlers sailed westward into Kempenfeldt Bay towards the sunset. Oro means "the land of gold," as the early settlers

## THE WORLD'S GREAT NEED

# BURNING HEARTS

By  
The Army  
Founder  
*William  
Booth*

The 120th anniversary of whose birth in Nottingham, Eng., will be commemorated on Sunday, April 10

The first War Cry was issued seventy years ago in London. To-day it is published in many languages

called to die for Him at the stake, or on the cross, or in the wild beasts' den, but you are called to speak for Him in the streets, in the drinking saloons, and in your own home and neighborhood.

Desperate believing feeds the fire. Steady, resolute faith will help you. To keep the fire burning you must keep on believing.

To keep the fire fierce and hot, you must be ever stirring it up. Fires made of the very best fuel will burn low and go right out if they are not stirred.

A little rousing will make them blaze up and warm the whole place. It is so with the heavenly flame. The tendency of all the fires that burn in the human soul, even of the fire of this heavenly enthusiasm is to die down if they are left to themselves; you can always be stirring yourself up by self-examination, and self-denial, and pleading for the salvation of souls.

believed gold existed there. Innisfil was called after "Innisfail" in Ireland from which parts many of the early settlers came. Tecumseh was called after the famous Indian chief of the War of 1812-14, and Adjala after his wife. And west of Adjala, in Dufferin County is Mono, called after their daughter, "Mona." Couchiching also means "exchangeable winds;" boatmen will know the sudden squalls that occur on this lake. Bond Head (the birthplace of Sir Wm. Mulock, who lived to be one hundred years old) and Collingwood, called after men noted in the early history—Colonel Collingwood and Sir Francis Bond Head.

Simcoe County has contributed to Canada many noted and influential citizens whose names will go down in history for their great work for the benefit of mankind.

Names like the Oslers bring to mind the great doctor and surgeon, William the great jurist, also the great financier; Sir Frederick Banting of insulin fame, and James Milles, the first president of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph; Frank Woods, a great educator, and Rev. Dr. Parker, a noted preacher.

The foregoing is adapted from the writings of Mr. Geo. Coombs, until his retirement, superintendent of public schools, Mimico, to whom Ontario citizens are indebted for numerous valuable historical references.

### EASTER'S SUPREME MESSAGE

(Continued from page 5)

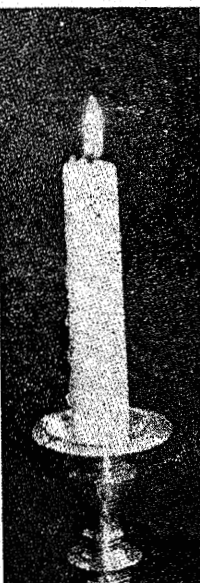
Jesus, our great Redeemer, "tasted death for every man." Therefore, if we forsake sin, by His death we need not die. "Because I live ye shall live also."

Troubled, sinning soul, the promise of Easter is also a promise to you, for "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). Not only so, but the living, loving Lord gives us the assurance of His abiding presence to keep us from evil, for, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew 28:20).

### Consider The Lilies

**JESUS SAID:** Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field... shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

MATT. 6:28-30.





# he GLORY and WONDER of the CROSS

"And He bearing His cross went forth"—John 19:17.  
 "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ"—Gal. 6:14.

**W**E COMMEMORATE the death and resurrection of Christ, believing these events on which our faith rests to be fundamental.

We cannot think of the last days of Jesus without being deeply moved. The Scripture says, "He set His face steadfastly toward Jerusalem." The Saviour knew that He would tread the winepress alone. He knew He would be identified with the world's sin. He knew the conflict would break His heart. He knew He would be scourged, derided, stretched upon the cruel cross, His hands and feet nailed there. He knew His chosen ones would forsake Him. He knew His Father's face would be hidden, and the world's sin would rest upon Him. Yet He slackened not His pace; He set aside all His glory; "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." He went forth alone.

Our eyes turn to that Cross today, the emblem of suffering, shame, humiliation, and death. The Apostle Paul speaks of the Cross. He says, "The glory of the Cross." What then changes this emblem of shame into an instrument of wonder and glory? It is the principal figure of the great tragedy of Calvary, our Lord and Saviour. That, and that alone, gives the Cross the great place in our Christian thought and faith.

The Cross has become the central fact, the great fundamental doctrine of the Christian church. It is the Cross of suffering, of death, but it is also the Cross of sacrifice, Atonement and Eternal Life.

There is, however, a great danger of the Christian church eliminating the Cross, and of the Cross losing its commanding position. Christ and His Cross must have the chief place in the lives of Christ's followers. *There is no Christian way without the Cross.* Jesus said, "If any man come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross."

As we again contemplate the Cross, may we catch the vision, and in the Cross of shame, see manifest the great love of God to men.

*There Is No Christian Way Without It*

By  
The  
Chief  
Secretary,  
Colonel  
Wm.  
Dray

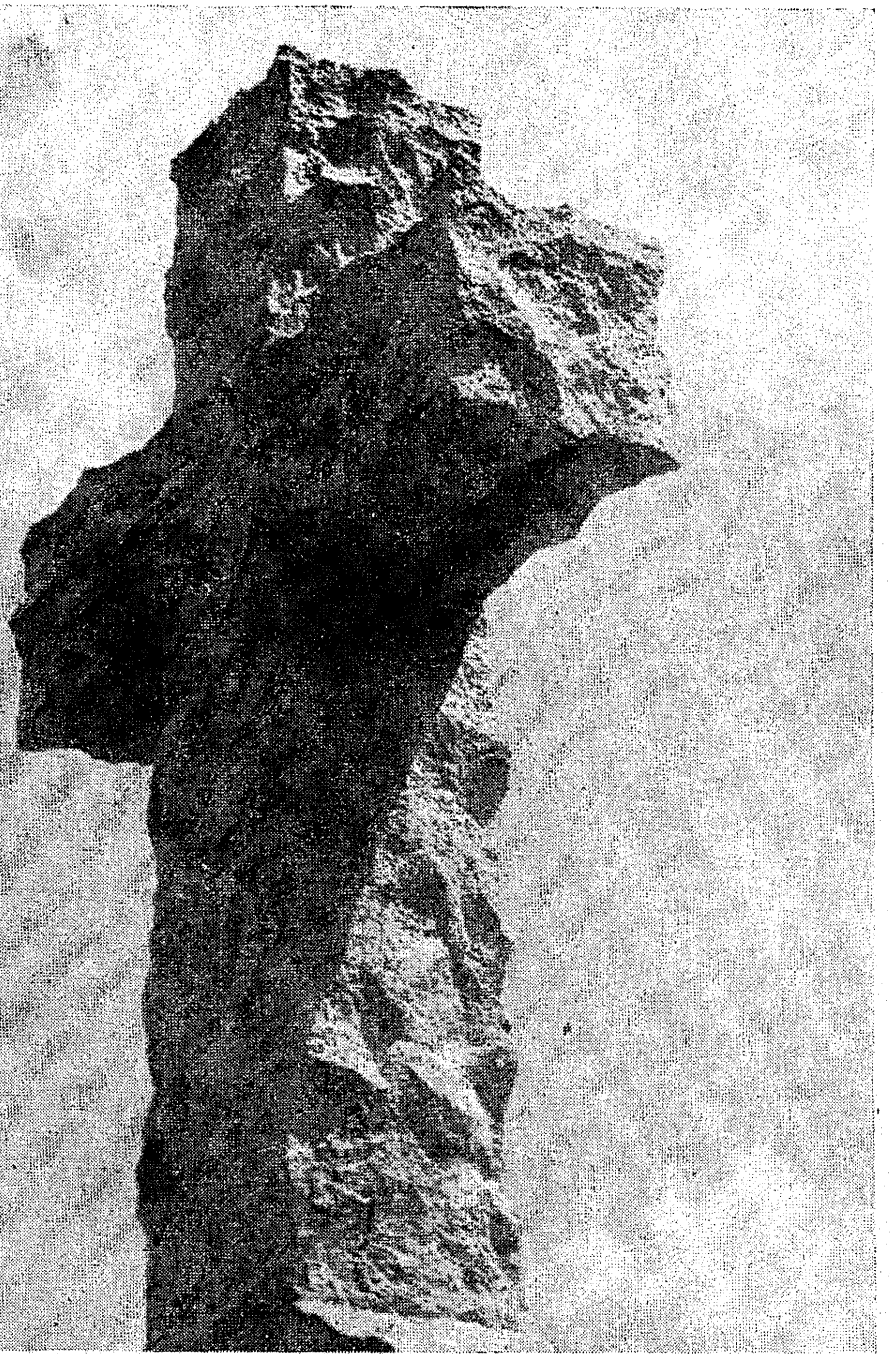
Rock of ages, cleft  
for me,  
Let me hide myself in  
Thee;  
Let the water and the  
blood,  
From Thy riven side  
which flow'd  
Be of sin the double  
cure,  
Cleanse me from all  
guilt and purify my  
soul.  
A. M. Toplady

Photograph of granite  
monument by Philip  
Gendreau.

"For God so loved the world." The Cross is God in Christ reconciling the world.

"Oh 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,  
The love of God to me.  
It brought my Saviour from above  
To die on Calvary."

There are other lessons to be learned from the Cross: It reveals the enormity of sin. It is at Calvary and at the Cross that we realize the price of Redemption.



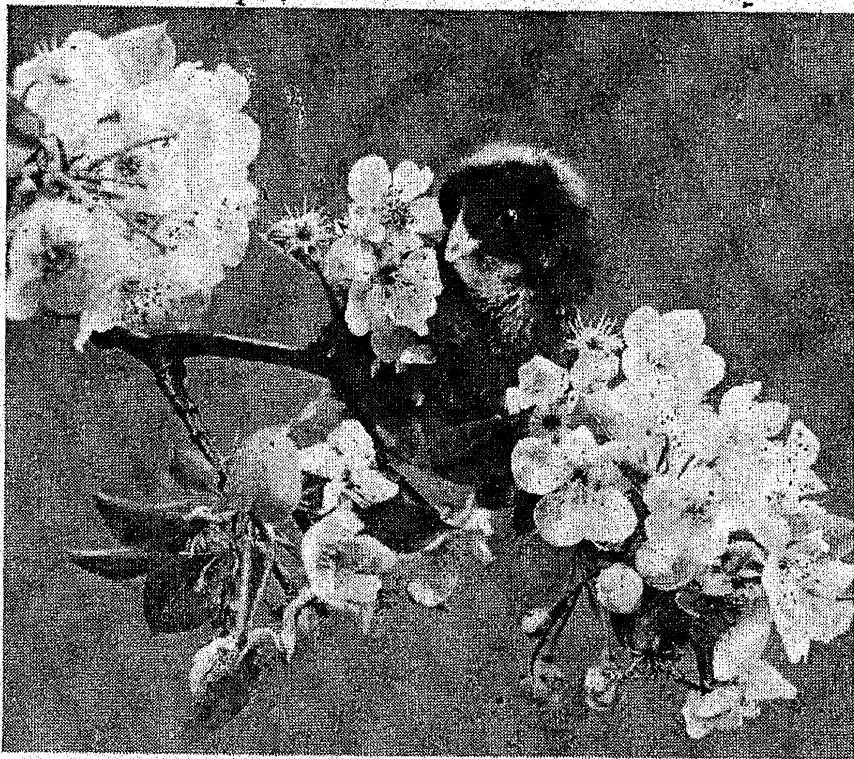
Christ died for our sins. It is at the Cross that men comprehend what their sin really is, and what our Lord suffered to pay the price of sin.

The Cross covers our sin: The all-atoning sacrifice of Jesus was sufficient; the blood shed on Calvary is enough; "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." By acknowledgment, by repenting, by faith in accepting His all-atoning sacrifice, we find it all-sufficient to meet our need. The Cross speaks of mercy and forgiveness to the worst of sinners. The Cross reveals a new way of life—a new and living way. We no longer live in conformity to the world, for the Cross means separation from the world. The change, the transformation the Cross effects upon men, means that we are "crucified unto the world and the world crucified unto us." Much that the world holds dear, the Christian cannot prize, and what the Christian values, the world despises.

The Cross is a challenge to the easy, safe and comfortable Christianity, which to-day is so prevalent. Many Christians are without a Cross; the world rejects the Cross of Christ, for it means sacrifice and self denial. It is in direct opposition to the way of the world. The standards of Christ and His Gospel do not run parallel with the world; they cut across the program of the worldling and the easy way of life. What the world counts gain, the Christian counts but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

The Cross means victory over sin and death. Calvary is not a defeat.

THE BIRDS' SPRINGTIME: A young feathered songster is not unpleasantly surprised to find himself in a new and blossom-filled world.



but a victory. It is in the victory of Calvary and by the Cross that we can have complete victory over sin in our every-day living. Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life." The cross, the grave, the tomb could not hold Him; He burst the bonds of death and rose again, and ever lives to save. Christ abolished death by His Cross, and His sacrifice and His resurrection: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The Cross is Life Eternal. Calvary opened the way back to God. The door closed at Eden is opened again through Christ's sacrifice and death. Because of the Cross the way is opened for sinners to return to God and to life eternal.

Paul gloried in the Cross. The apostles, the saints, and the martyrs gloried in the Cross. We, the followers of Christ, give the Cross a central place in our living. Let us learn to accept the Cross in our everyday life, and follow Christ. As He went forth bearing His cross, so should we, even though it may mean death, because the Cross eventually means life everlasting.

## A Reminder

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests.

Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

Commissioner C. Baugh,  
Territorial Commander,  
20 Albert Street,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.





## WEST SIDE OF THE ROCKIES

(Continued from page 3)

climbing round the shoulder of a giant mountain, now twisting its tortuous way in zig-zag, tunnelled descents.

So this was British Columbia? And the thrilled passengers—that is, those who had never made the trip before—gazed around them in awe and wonder. Castle-like mountains, sentinels of the ages, towered at tremendous heights above the crawling, toy-like in comparison, train. Impassable barriers of solid rock were penetrated in seemingly miraculous fashion. From dizzy heights the spectators gazed into the yawning depths of canyons, at the bottom of which the mountain streams seethed and boiled like a cauldron.

Among the passengers, now wearing the braid of an Army Lieuten-

ant, sat Bob Falconer, now a slightly older, but wiser and gladder young man. He had been, oddly enough, appointed to assist at a small mining town in the Kootenays, and was engaged in contemplating, amidst the splendor of the mountain-scenery, the strange turn of events now taking him to the country to which he had set out so boldly in the first instance. Not gold, was his quest this time, however, but souls.

### A Small Mining Community

The scene carries the reader to a mining town in the Kootenay area. The community was not a large one, and the population, mostly miners and lumbermen, was of the usual rough and ready order; albeit

generous, but ruggedly indifferent to religious influences.

Outside the main hotel, two young Army officers were holding a consultation together. A drizzling rain was falling, and there were few people in sight. "Well, Lieutenant," spoke up the taller of the two, "it would almost seem as if it were little use holding forth to-night. Still, here goes!"

The officer thus addressed smiled whimsically. The lads had not had too rosy a time since the opening of the town and it really seemed as if their efforts and talents had been wasted on the somewhat indifferent mountain folk. He thoughtfully shook the valves of his cornet, and responded to his comrade's request for "something with a message in it."

### His Sudden Intuition

Prayer followed, and the older officer spoke, but his words seemed to be whirled back into his face by the wind. He stopped suddenly, and turned to his companion. "I have a feeling that a song might do better. Give them a solo before we close down for the night. What about it?"

## CHRIST THE MIGHTY TO SAVE

(Continued from page 6)

habits. I recalled my profession, my home, my devoted wife and a saintly mother.

After quite a lengthy silence, Leonard drew from a hiding-place somewhere in his ragged clothes the cross that we know he treasured so highly.

"This and the memory of the one who gave it to me are all that now stand between Loonie Leonard and hell," said my queer companion, as his eyes filled with tears.

"She was the one being I loved with all my heart," he continued. ("I never knew my mother.") When she could no longer live with me because of my drunkenness she went away one day, but she left this symbol of her faith for me to find."

As he touched a spring, the cross opened, revealing on one side the words: "Though your sins be as scarlet He will forgive," and on the other: "The vilest sinner may return."

"She died," sobbed the queer man beside me, "and my heart died with her. She is what I lost, and she was everything."

I never knew how or when Loonie Leonard died, but if I know my Saviour I'm sure He gathered to Himself, as He did me, one of the vilest of sinners—for the cross was his dearest possession, and the link that connected him with Heaven. For she was up there waiting, and I believe Loonie knew it.

It is only by our testimony that we who know the saving power of the Cross of Christ can make it known to those who, through indifference, have lost its meaning and its potency.

This isn't the usual style for an Easter sermon, I know. It is just a simple statement of fact for Easter

WORKERS TOGETHER: A strong and experienced hand, a gallant and faithful team, and a well-turned field is ready for sowing the good seed in the fertile soil to help meet the needs of humanity. What a lesson in co-operation!

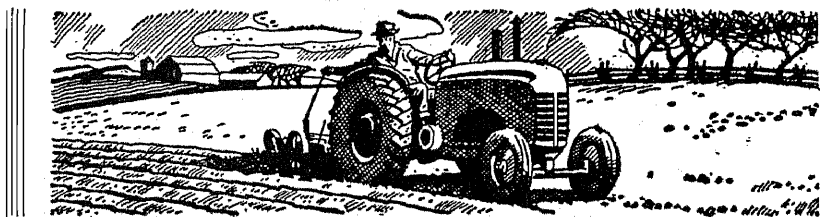
reflection on the power of the Cross of Christ in the lives of men.

The Lieutenant complied, although the conditions were not inspiring, and the only sign of human life was that of a man in the garb of a miner, hurrying along to the hotel. The man apparently changed his mind, for he came over to the pair and breathing heavily exclaimed in a husky voice: "You are just the people I am looking for. My little girl is very sick, and wants someone to sing a hymn to her. Will you come?"

*There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of Heaven and let us in.*

It was the self-same song, sung in a rough log shanty, on the mountain side that turned the tide for the struggling officers, and the request so readily granted the miner and his wife, became the avenue through which they were led into the light and the Saviour's gift of Salvation. The Lieutenant's solo, feelingly rendered with the "understanding heart" also comforted the little one and it was not long after the visit of the officers that she passed away with a sweet smile on her wan face—to the Heavenly City.

"Yes," murmured Bob to himself, afterwards, quoting from a letter he was about to post to his folks in old Ontario, "I am not sorry that I set out from home for the mountains—via the Army Training College—and my talents were never put to better use than on that memorable day."—Gladstone Faraday.







### THE FLOWERS APPEAR

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." — Solomon's Song 2:12





**WAR CRY**  
Easter Number